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Title: A Gathering [1]

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I laughed as the thieves  
scurried away, like rats  
being chased by a cat.  
Yet, in the place of the  
cat was that of a  
daemon. I watched from  
the rooftop of my tower,  
and I was amused with  
this. The daemon would  
catch up with them, and  
their fates would be  
sealed. But yet, I was  
annoyed. They were late,  
and this angered me.  
Another minute or two  
passed, and my anger  
increased. Finally, a gate  
appeared in the center of  
an altar that I had  
constructed long ago.  
Out of the gate came  
Drake, Nas'Rath, and  
Laertides. I smiled and  
greeted them. "You're  
late..." Drake answered  
me by "I am sorry...  
sir... It took longer to  
gather what we needed  
for this and..." "If you  
continue with an excuse  
than I shall personally  
sever your fingers from  
your hands..." I said. He  
nodded and was silent.  
"Now then... As to  
why I have summoned you  
all here..." I began. I  
glanced each of them  
over, one by one. I  
thought to myself "Yes.  
They shall prove most  
useful." "I trust that  
some of you have heard  
of an ancient tome that  
has recently come into  
my possession." They  
nodded and I continued.  
"Good... Within this

tome is a spell that is  
so powerful... So  
destructive..." I stopped  
myself from continuing on  
this. Useful and  
trustworthy they were,  
but I could not allow  
them to know what the  
spell was used for. Only  
the Master, Lord  
Dealthagar, and myself  
were aware of what the  
tome contained. "It  
requires peculiar spell  
reagents. I have been  
given command of  
gathering these reagents  
so that this spell might  
be cast. And you all  
have been given the grand  
honor of assisting with  
this." I continued. "What  
form of reagents shall  
we be searching for?"  
asked Nas'Rath.

"Interesting ones... There  
are only four needed, and  
we should not have a  
problem with three of  
them. The ones that we  
shall begin searching for  
are interesting indeed...  
For they are the  
essence of a Shadow  
Wyrn, a sword of a  
noble drenched in the  
blood of a murderer, and  
the ribs of a Balron. I  
shall not name the fourth  
reagent... As I am still  
puzzled with how to  
locate it..." I answered  
and then glanced at  
Drake. He nodded and a  
gate appeared  
simultaneously. I walked  
through it, and within an  
instance, I stood before  
the entrance of Destard.

We proceeded into the  
den of dragons, and we  
walked a bit into it  
without any greetings.  
We came upon a small  
pool, and there, a young  
dragon was busy drinking  
from it. Spell upon spell

was let loose upon it, for even a young dragon is a dangerous threat. Before too long, the creature was reduced to a pile of burnt flesh. We made our way towards the northwest part of the dungeon. A few wyverns were sent towards Oblivion, and all seemed to be going well. As we made our way towards the entrance to the lower level, I was given the rare gift of looking directly into the eyes of a dragon. The beast was upon me, and within moments, I was separated from my body. The fighting had also brought in some young drakes and wyverns, thus dividing the remaining necromancers. "Retreat... Gather my items, if possible. But leave this dungeon. I will be at the entrance in moments." I commanded as I spoke with their minds. I proceeded to wander the dungeon, so that I could find the exact den of a Shadow Wyrn. I wandered on the lower levels and saw many more dragons, a few human slaves, and a daemon or two. And at the very back corner of the dungeon, there stayed a Shadow Wyrn. Great in size it was, for I had never seen a creature so massive. Pleased with my findings, I left the dungeon. Drake, Nas'Rath and, Laertides awaited me at the entrance. They appeared tired and hurt, but they were alive. Laertides returned me to the physical world and we rested. It was during that time that Nas'Rath had business to attend in another realm, but he

was quickly replaced with both Sal Veya and Jergal. I decided that obtaining the essence of this wyrm would be most difficult, as it might even require assistance from others in Caina. This choice did not please me in the slightest. So, I decided to gather the other two reagents before attempting another attack in Destard. I ordered Drake to go to Britain, and to bring a noble to the Necromantic Scholomance in Caina. He bowed and said the words of recall, and with that, he was gone. We returned to the Scholomance and waited on Drake.

He arrived promptly, with a fair lady draped in the clothing of the nobles. She looked around and asked "This is not Nujelm... Where are we?" "Welcome to Caina," Drake grimly replied. A look of terror came onto her face as he said this. I walked up to the lass and took a close look over her. A girl maybe of eighteen years of age, and was quite pretty at that. I grabbed her right hand and looked over it. No, she was not the one. Not that I expected her to be. I looked directly into her trembling eyes, and smiled at her. Apparently the smile brought some form of comfort to her, as she was no longer trembling. I turned around and took a few steps away from her. I glanced towards the other necromancers and ordered rather loudly "Kill it." Almost the second I

spoke my command, the young noble let loose a scream and four archers recalled in. We met them head on, and they soon fell. I laughed at the young girl, who now had collapsed to her knees and was crying out of desperation. "Please... by the virtues..." I laughed at this and muttered "Kal Vas Flam," and watched the young girl burn to her death. After she was dead, I had Laertides search what was left of the young girl, and he brought me her sword. "Excellent... And now this sword shall need to be drenched in the blood of a murderer. Come now! We shall make our way to Blackthorn's Shrine of Chaos!"

We arrived at Blackthorn's Chaos Shrine. Although he no longer dwelled on the Felucca Facet, his shrine was most valuable to those that made a career of murder. We waited near the shrine for a few hours, and no murderer came near. I decided to have the area searched, going all the way to the entrance of Wind. Both Laertides and myself went on ahead, while the others followed behind us. We came upon a man who was busy gathering wood for his home. I touched his aura and felt that many times over he had killed for gold. Before I could even signal to the others, Laertides sprang forth screaming words of power. A blast of magic hit the man, and he took off running. Laertides chased after him,

vanishing behind a building.  
I followed suit, and as I  
turned the corner of the  
building, I saw Laertides  
standing over the man's  
corpse. "Excellent... Very  
excellent work..." I told  
him. He bowed and  
thanked me for my  
praise. I unsheathed the  
noble's sword and  
proceeded to gut the  
man, covering the sword  
in blood. By the time I  
had completed this, the  
remaining necromancers  
made their way to us. I  
looked at them and said  
"We now have gathered  
one of the reagents. Go  
now and rest for a while.  
For we shall be making  
our ways into the bottom  
levels of Hythloth soon."

After a few hours of  
rest, we proceeded  
towards Goodman's Rune  
Library. From there, we  
made our journey to the  
bottom level of Hythloth.  
We were greeted by a  
large group of gazers.  
The battle with these  
creatures was difficult,  
but the power of the  
Skull was too much for  
these foul things. And  
then he came... Like an  
unstoppable force of  
nature, the Balron came  
charging down the hallway  
towards us. Spells upon  
spells were cast at the  
creature, and the battle  
lasted for what seemed  
to be days. The infernal  
being nearly brought us  
all to a horrible end,  
but in the end the Balron  
lay slain. His ribs were  
removed from his giant  
corpse, and thus, the  
second reagent was now  
in my hands.

I returned to my tower.  
The other necromancers

had been ordered to  
return to the  
Scholomance. There I  
would meet with them,  
but first I must secure  
these reagents. The only  
place that these reagents  
were safe was under my  
care... In my home...  
Under my watch... After  
hiding and securing these  
in a place no thief  
would ever think of, I  
returned to Caina. Now,  
we would attempt again  
the horrid task of  
gathering the essence of  
a Shadow Wyrms. I had  
prepared a small wooden  
box, and although it  
appeared normal to any  
who would gaze upon it,  
it was anything but  
normal. For it was  
designed to trap and hold  
creatures that dwell  
within the shadows. It  
was with this device that  
I would be able to contain  
the essence of a Shadow  
Wyrms. However, in order  
to contain the wyrms's  
essence it must first be  
slain. This would prove  
to be a very taxing goal.  
I then felt an infernal  
presence behind me.

\*\*\*continued in volume  
two\*\*\*